Die Leere Mitte

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

Issue n.5 ¬ 04/2020
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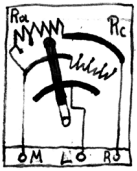
```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
printf("Hello, Berlin!");
return 0;
}
```



Die Leere Mitte
Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.
Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format*: Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages*: Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.
Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format*: jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through lulu.com for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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home: https://leserpent.wordpress.com/category/dlm/
twitter: @ LeereMitte

Edited in Berlin by Horst Berger and Federico Federici.

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den Spalt zwischen den Welten
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unlesbar?

?unlesbar?

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seneine jungeda
meäußer lichsch windsüc
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tlosöff netaufd erlicht ungdeng ekritze ltenbri
efzahll osezeic
hnungen derlieb
esscher zzerrei ßtdieau
genlide rdenspa ltzwisc
hendenw eltenei nkurzer
feuersc heinein langers
chreide rtodwas
füreint heaterd aliegen diebäum eansehe
ndielau bfarbed enspalt
zwische ndenwel
teneine nneuenb riefkri
tzeln

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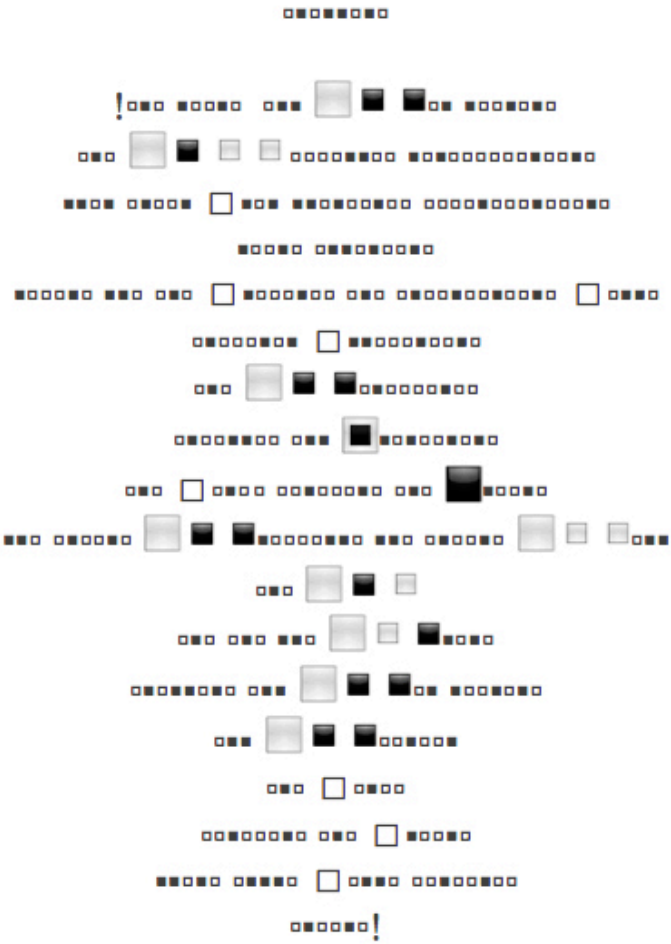

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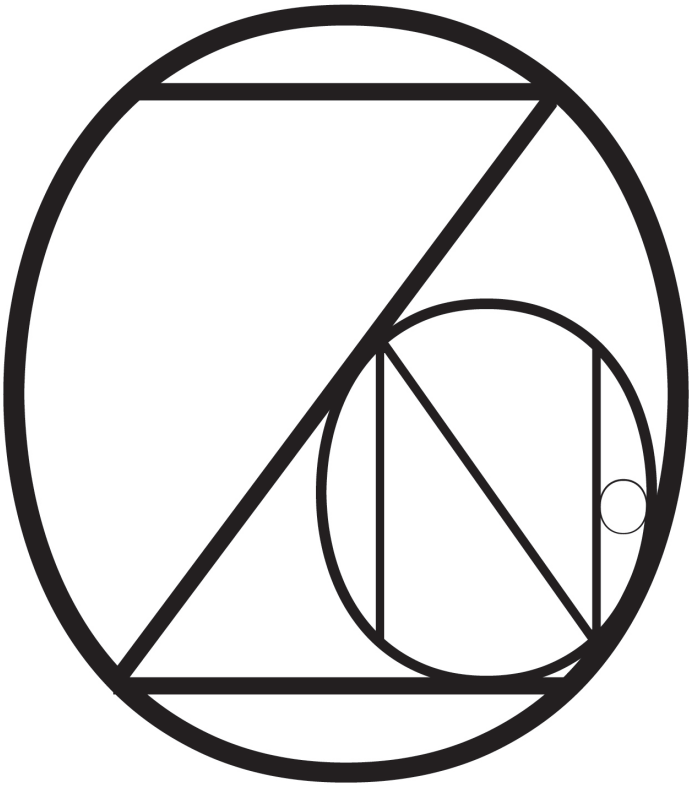
Mario José Cervantes ⁝ *Without Title*



Mario José Cervantes ⁝ *Without Title*

sombra

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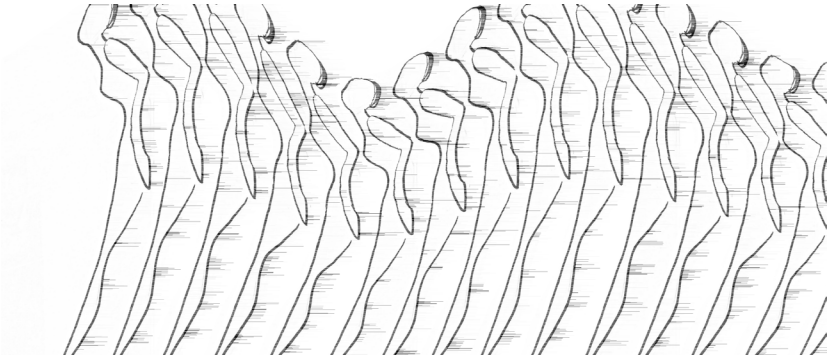

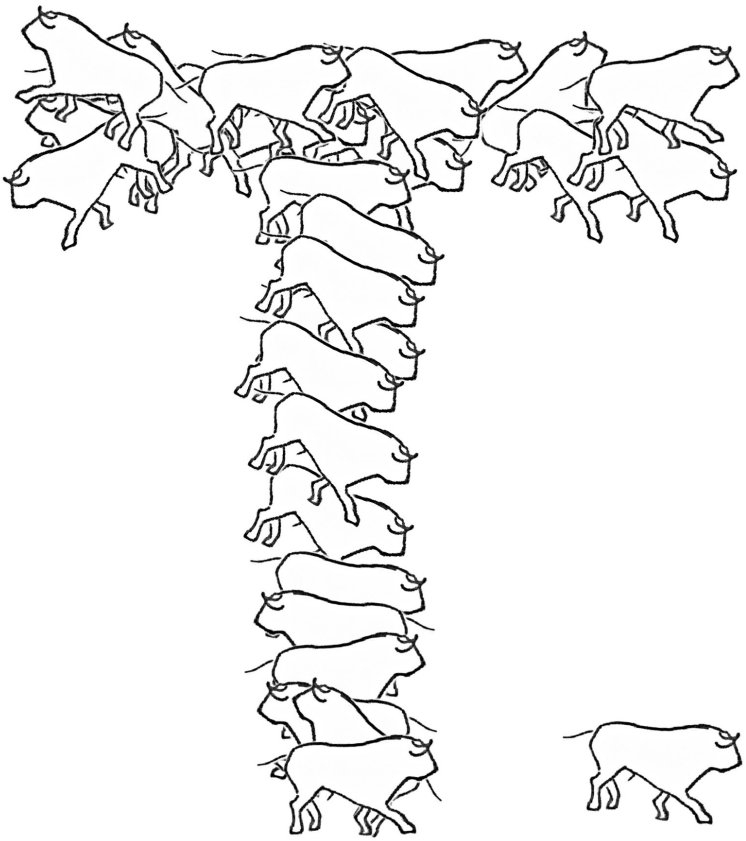

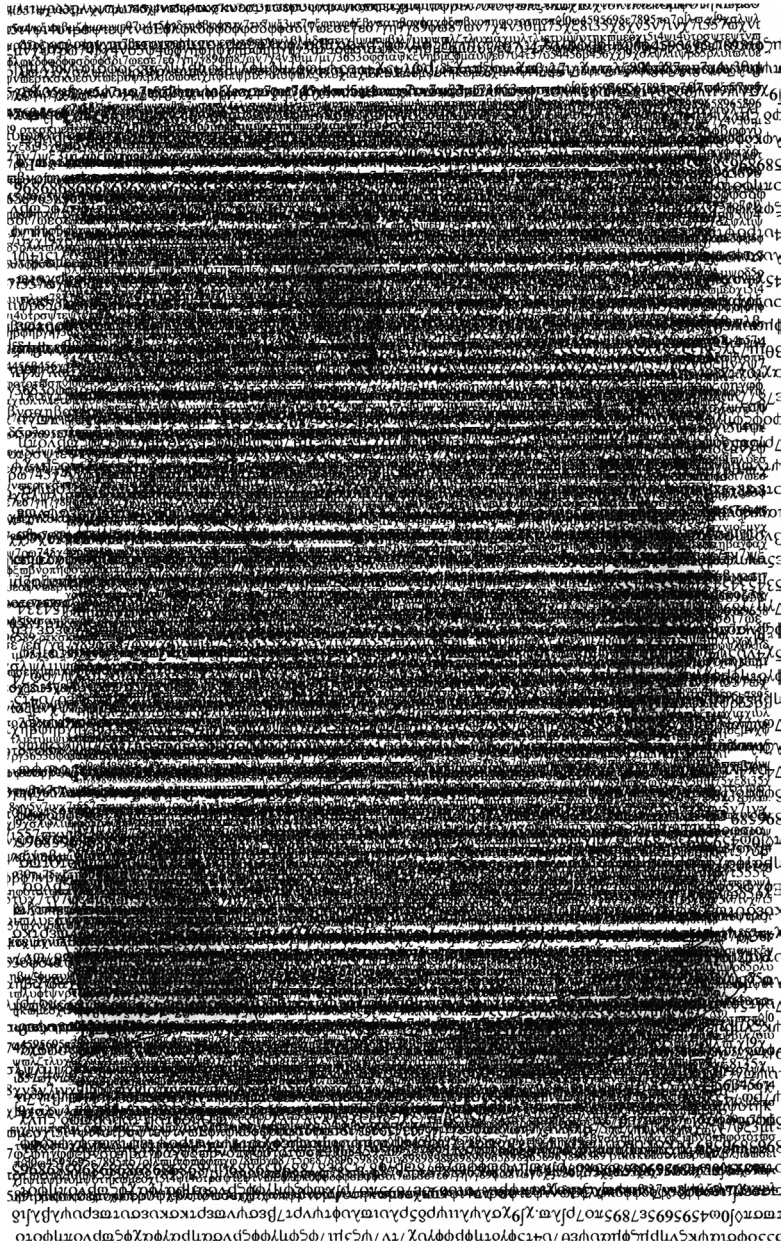

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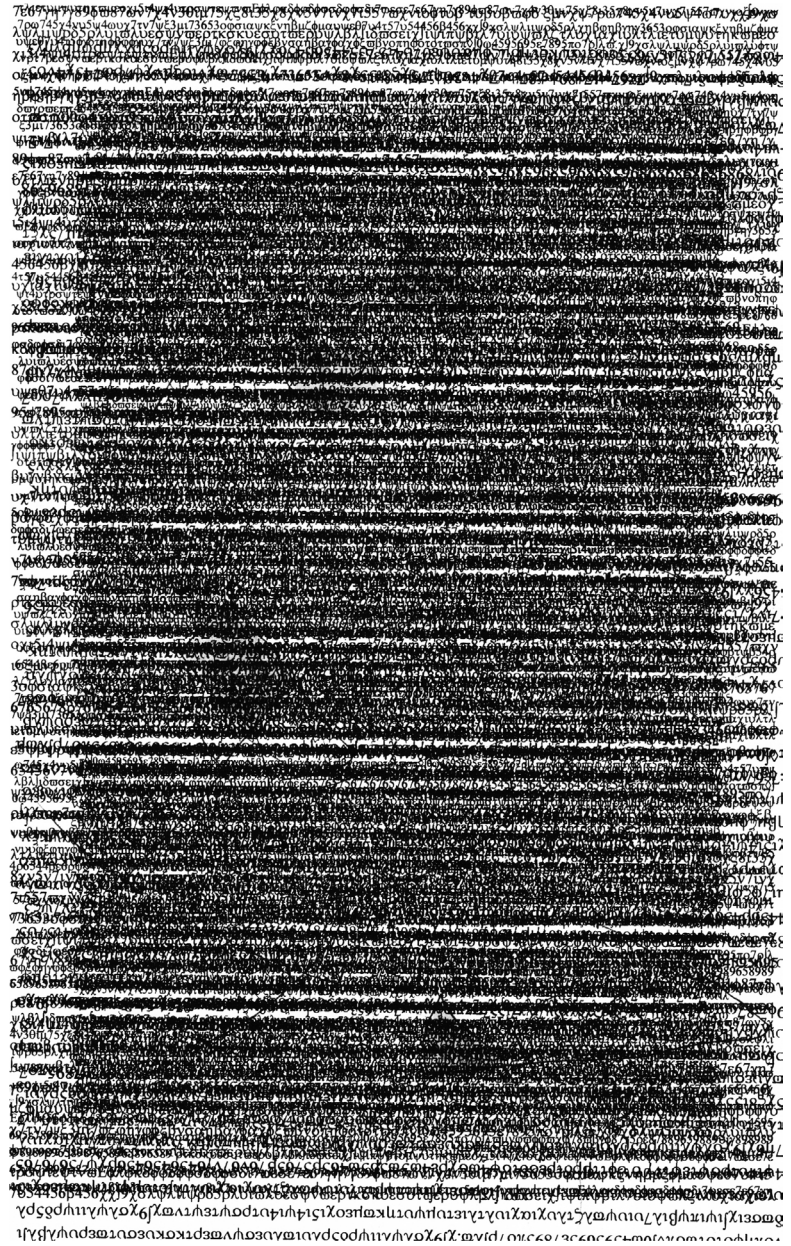

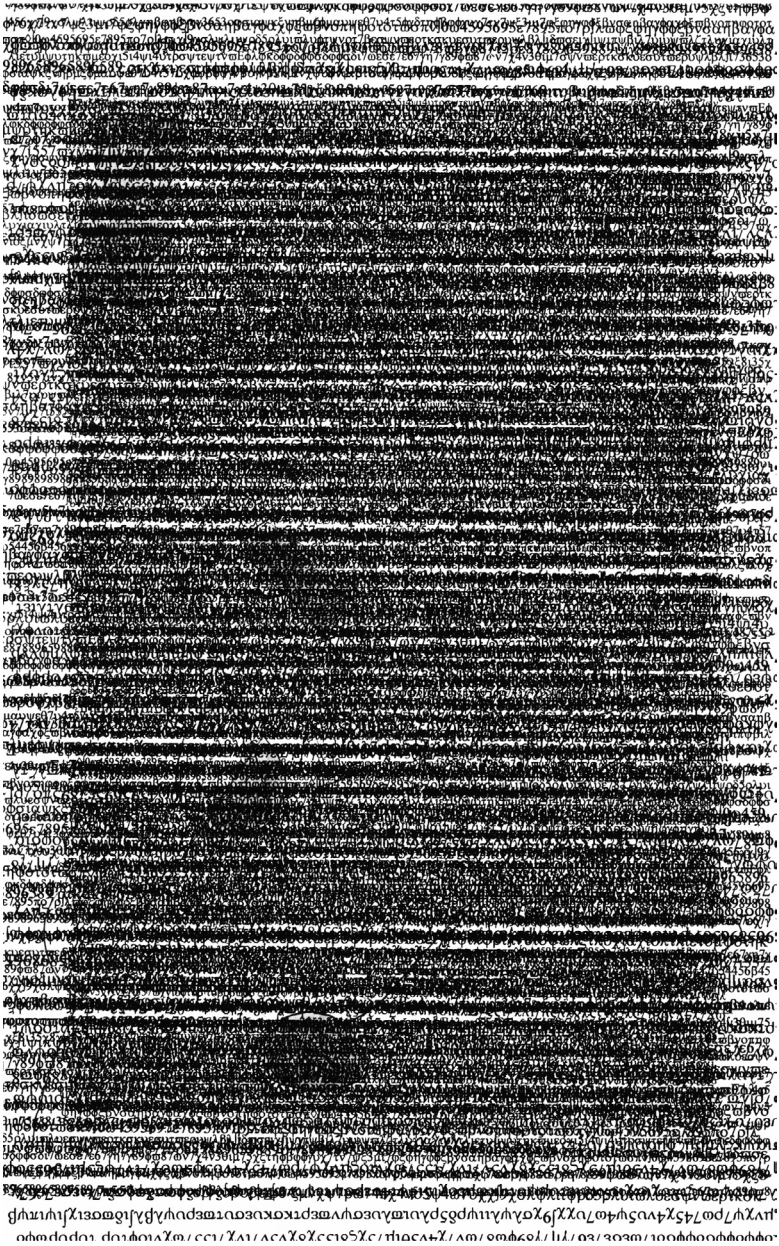

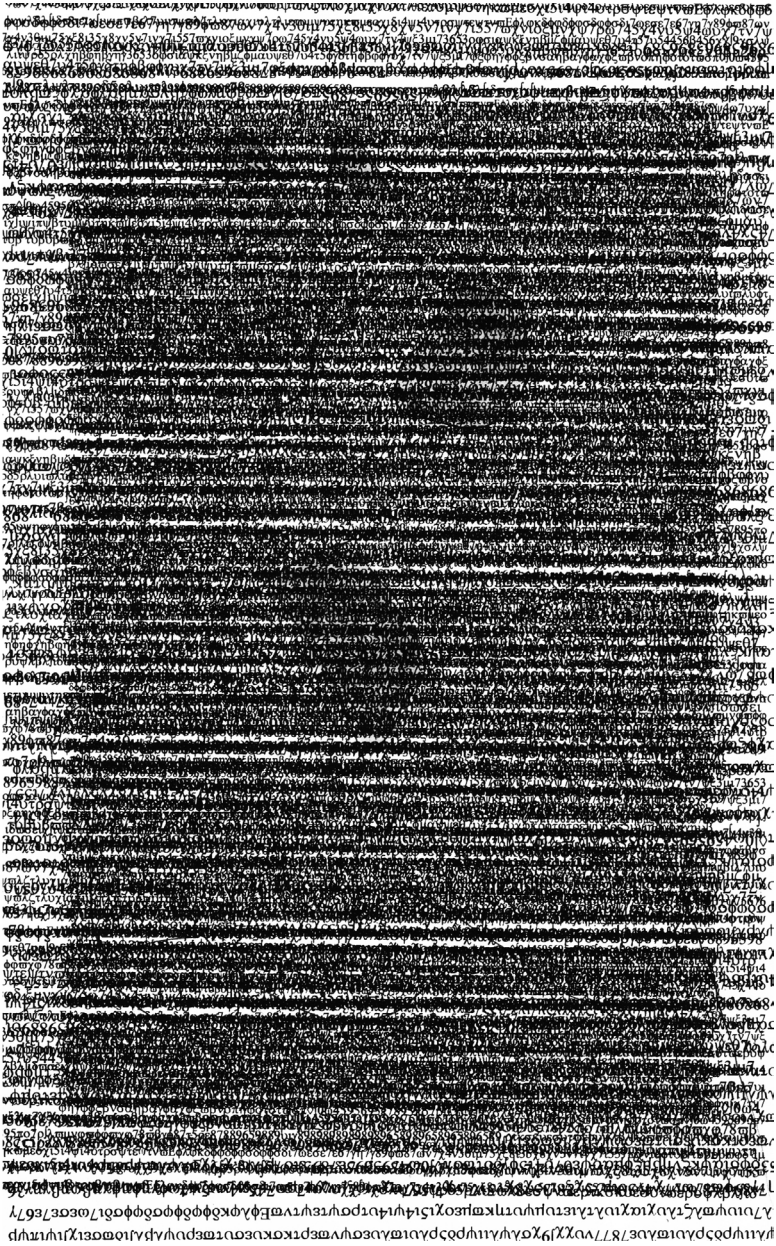

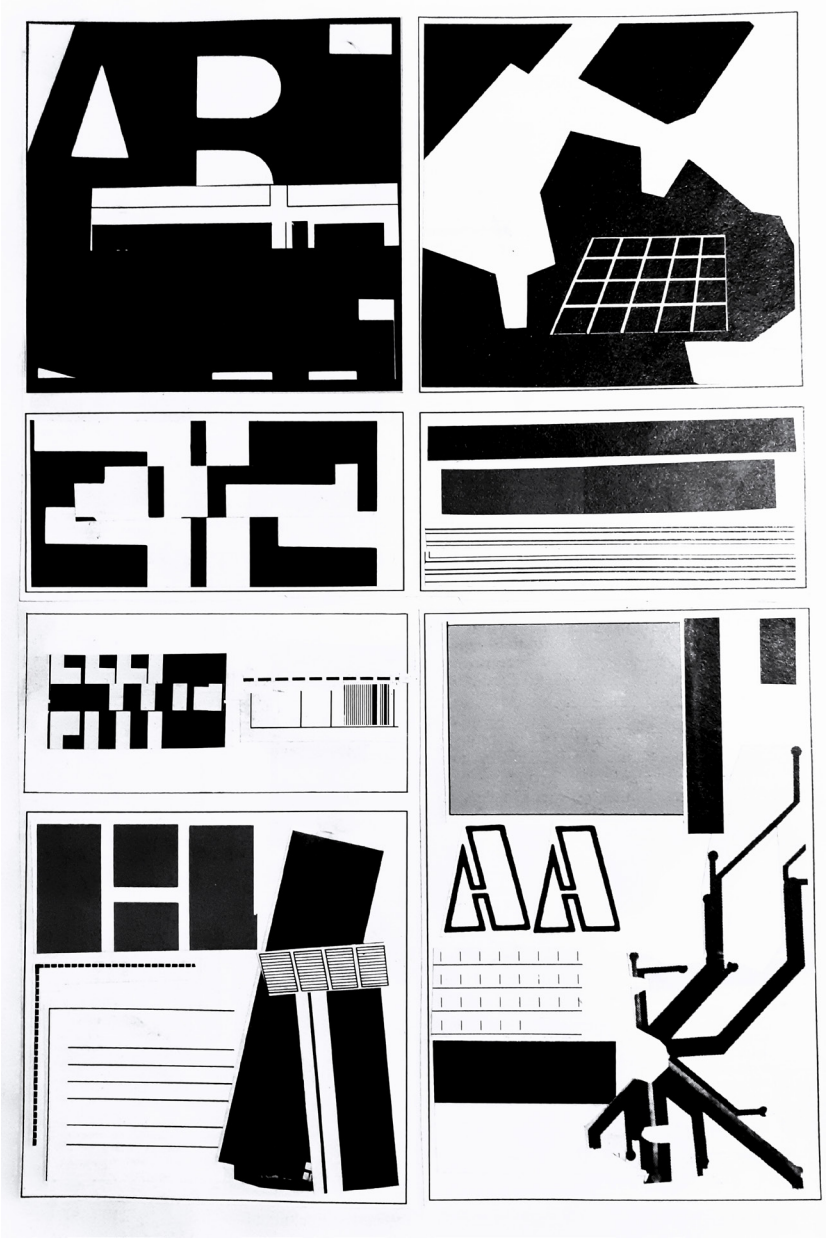

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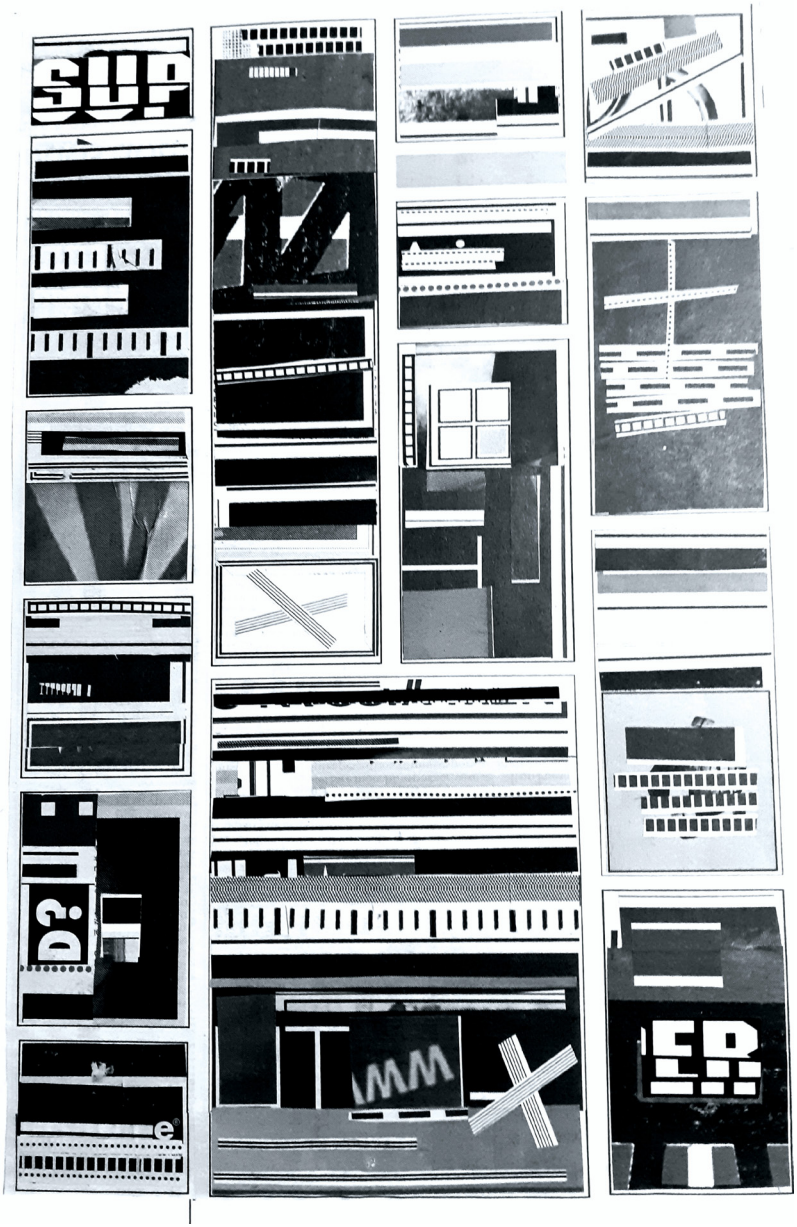



Super

Why don't we know how to use public space, in the United States? What is it about these spaces within the country that often lack good use? Are we facing a problem with the user or the usability of [urban] public spaces?

Successful public spaces, at minimum require: attractiveness, usability, linkages and proximity to other significant spaces or activities. However, among the many defining elements of successful public spaces, two facets stand out: seating and capacity to create social comfort.

Leaving the USA for a moment; In Paris, at Centre Georges Pompidou, a large sloped surface successfully slows pedestrian flow, inducing flexible usage and often rest. In Berlin, Tempelhofer Feld [Nazi built, once American occupied - now defunct, airport], hosts thousands of picnickers, sun-bathers, bikers and kites; collectively activating a simple lawn and tarmac. Within both European examples of [urban] public space, visitors are free to drink and smoke; claiming space and defining its use as they please.

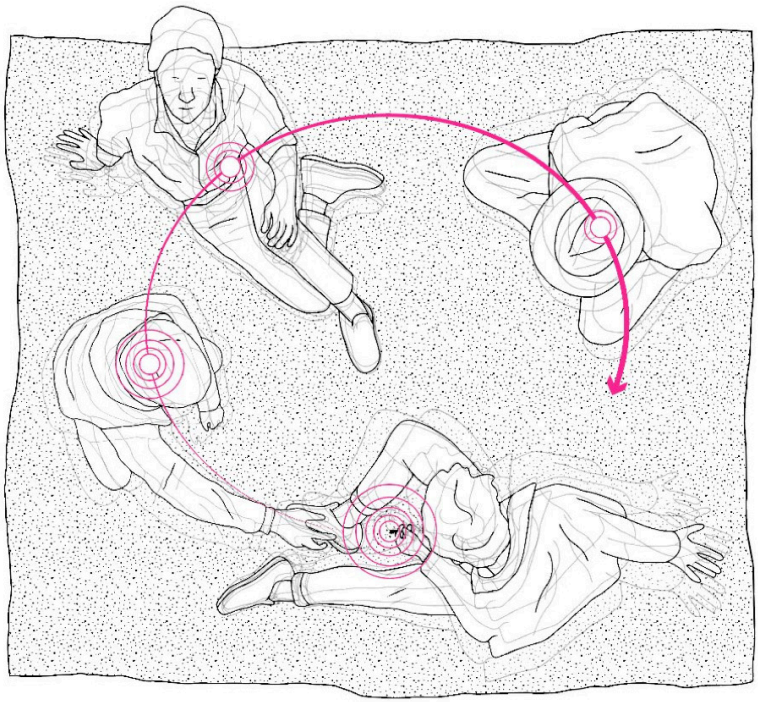
These moments can also exist in the States. Union Square, NYC, and Boston Commons come to mind [coincidently, both great parks to buy weed]. Regardless of such alleged facts, as the encompassing cities grew, something changed with the freedom of these spaces. They only exist in conjunction with something else - a helper, such as an organized event where crowds are drawn. Without this intensification, American public spaces fall silent and lonely. There seems to be something preventing these spaces from thriving as the center of athletic, artistic and even political life as the ancient agoras of Greece once intended.

Unfortunately, injected intensification is the only action that currently helps to fill the void within U.S. [urban] public spaces. So It seems, that people simply don't know what they can do within un-intensified space. On top of that, U.S. public spaces are more often over-policed, leaving these spaces altogether less desirable than their European cousins.

The key to public spaces are vibrant social situations and continued liveliness and variety. Incidentally, benches pose the perfect crossroads and the perfect location for weed dealers to socialize as they wait for their customers. It's great real estate for marketing to new clients with the internationally understood head nod and a presumptuous "you good?". The social situation is both eased and normalized behind the guise of the bench. This break, and eventual exchange of goods livens the use of the park by mixing commerce with leisure and creating steady activation of the space throughout the day. This minimal activation and perceived "busyness", gives recreational passers-by a sense of security when moving through or stopping to use the space.

Do the restrictions of policy in someway play a role in the death of [urban] public space?

In permitting public smoking, coupled with casual public alcohol consumption, an [urban] public space "secret sauce" is concocted. It seems the legalization of such activities, in [urban] public spaces, reinforces the notion of freedom and the act of being free, in effect giving public space back to the public, indefinitely.



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anonymous design collective
www.soandsostudio.com

Alegria Imperial ⁝ *1.*

define(itions)

house(d) robbed of the sun in some

bridge(s) rear eyes that which we covet

stair(case) of croups our inward descents

steeple(y) if in brute daring we scale a storm

chair(ed) all pauses molting lint our bones

mo(u)rning by which time disposed swarms back

fou(l)ntain begrudging soundless water

bed(lam) the Maja astir stirs the scarabs

Alegria Imperial ⁝ *2.*

noumena

foam-washed
this stone
eyes apart brimming salty
                on my lips

could be sadness
                a woman's voice
in a real world
                pssst listen
                a cloud respirating

earth's
carbuncled cheeks purpled

                "You're mine"
                a shivering chin

am I stepping into a soul?
                absent wind
                absent life still life

my toes
sanded gray
ten wiggling stones

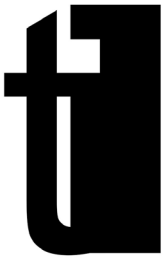
Alegria Imperial ⁝ *3.*

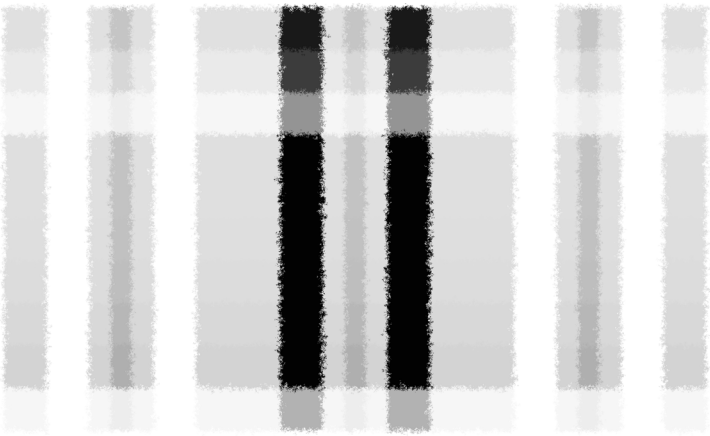
reversals

sun-crazed vireos turn up slurred notes but no breast-beating
a human's loss the dazed territorial greed for spring

eye-glare a hole in the sphere the worn-path a tale
shifting footmarks once said of ghosts wailing hair down

why not end at least on gold-gilt crags among shards
of Gloria Maris perhaps if whistles of senile winds reverse the
solstice orbit





Elmedin Kadric : *untitled*